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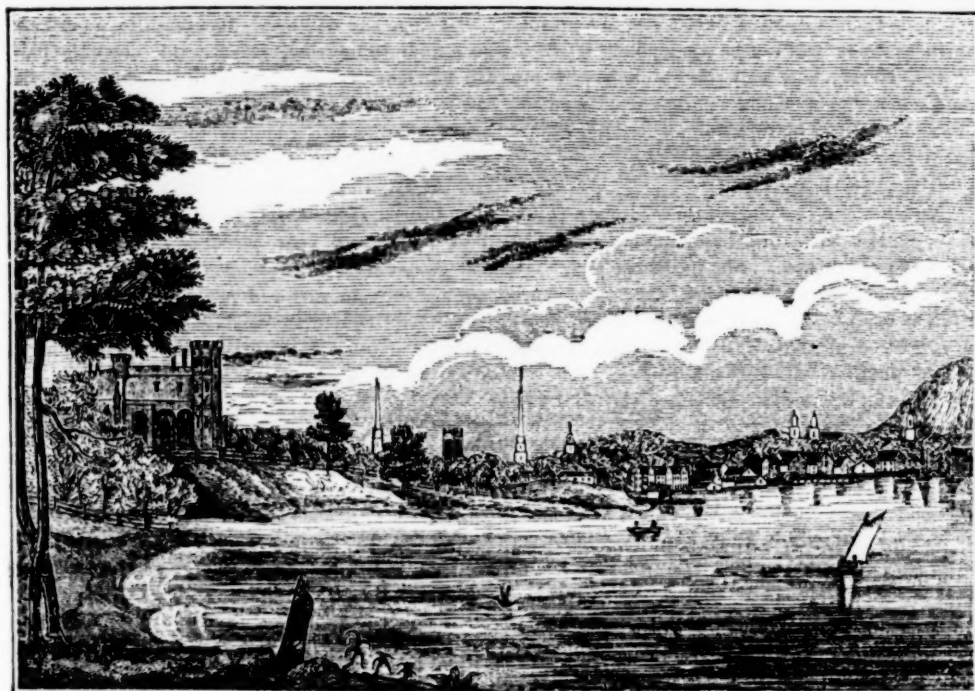
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View of New Haven from the Southwest.



NEW HAVEN.

This place lies at the head of a harbor, which sets up four miles from Long Island Sound; seventy-six miles from New-York, thirty-four from Hartford, and one hundred and thirty-four from Boston. It is the capital of a county of the same name, and the semi-capital of Connecticut. The site of New Haven is a plain, lying between two ranges of hills, on the east and on the west; and limited, partly, on the northern side, by two mountains, called the East and West Rocks; a spur from the latter, named Pine Rock, and another from the former, named Mill Rock, which descends in the form of a handsome hill to the northern skirt of the city. Between these mountains the plain opens into a valley, which extends northward seventy-six miles, to Northampton; and between the East Rock, and the eastern range of hills, into another valley, terminating at Wethersfield, thirty-two miles. Both these valleys coincide at the places specified, with the valleys of Connecticut river. The mountains are bold bluffs of greenstone rocks, with summits finely figured, and form a delightful part of the New Haven landscape.

The harbor of New Haven is created by the confluence of three rivers with the Sound; Wallingford or Quinnipiac river on the east, Mill river on the north, and West river. The two last are merely mill streams. Mill river is a very fine one, being plentifully supplied with water during the year. Wallingford river, originally called Quinnipiac, rises in Farmington, and after running a winding course of thirty-five miles,

empties its waters into the Sound. These streams are also ornaments of the landscape.

The harbor of New Haven, from the entrance of Wallingford and Mill rivers, has in the channel fifteen feet of water to its mouth, except on Crane's bar, a small spit of sand, formed by the erection of a pier, about three fourths of a mile from the shore. Here the depth is only seven and a half feet; but the obstruction might be removed with no great difficulty. At the time when the first settlers arrived in this town, there was in the northwestern region of this harbor, a sufficient depth of water for all the ordinary purposes of commerce. Ships were built and launched where now there are meadows, and gardens and shops: sloops loaded and unloaded where the market now stands. So late as the year 1765, the long wharf extended only twenty rods from the shore. It extends now three thousand nine hundred and forty-three feet. Yet there is less water a few rods from its foot now, than at its termination in the year 1765. The substance which here accumulates so rapidly, is what in this country is called *marsh mud*; the material of which salt marshes are composed. It has been suspected to be of a vegetable nature, and where the experiment has been tried, it has been found to be peat, and yields a tolerably good fire.

The plain on which New Haven is built, is not improbably a congeries of particles, floated down to this place, in early times from the interior. Its surface is sand, mixed with loam and gravel; beneath this is usually found a stratum

of yellow loam. Still lower, at the depth of fifteen or eighteen inches, a mass of coarse sand extends about six feet. Beneath this is another, composed principally of pebbles, rounded and smoothed like stones washed by the ocean. Still further down, the materials, generally like those which have been mentioned, are more mingled and confused. Formerly the surface was covered with shrub oaks; and wild turkeys and partridges were found in great numbers.

The soil of this plain is dry, warm, and naturally unproductive, but, by cultivation, is capable of producing every vegetable suited to the climate, and in any quantity. For gardens, except in dry years, it is remarkably well suited. The original town was laid out on the northwestern side of the harbor, in nine squares, each fifty-three rods on a side; separated by streets about four rods in breadth; and thus formed a quadrangular area of one hundred and sixty rods on a side. The central square is open, and is styled the Green; and the upper, or northwestern half, is a beautiful slope. It was formerly used as a burying ground, but in 1821 the monuments were removed to the new burying ground, and the ground leveled. The lower part of the square is fifty-two rods long, and twenty-five wide. It is surrounded on all sides by rows of stately elms, and is considered one of the most beautiful in the United States. The surrounding squares are, by law, divided each into four, by streets running from N. W. to S. E. and from N. E. to S. W. the direction of the original streets. Besides these thirty-two squares, the town covers several considerable tracts bordering upon them, and is constantly extending. The principal of these is on the southeast side, and is called the New Township, a beautiful tract bounded by the East river and the harbor. The town of New Haven contains about eight square miles, the city about six: bounded north by Hamden, west by Orange and Woodbridge, south by the waters of the harbor, and east by the Quinnipiac, dividing it from East Haven.

New Haven contained in 1839, 10,678 inhabitants. In Dec. 1833, the population was 12,201, of which 11,534 were within the city limits. The area occupied by the city, is probably as large as that which usually contains a city of six times the number of inhabitants in Europe. Many of the houses have court-yards in front, and gardens in the rear. The former are ornamented with trees and shrubs; the latter are filled with fruit trees, flowers and culinary vegetables.

The houses are generally two stories high, built of wood, in a neat, handsome, but not expensive style. Many of those recently erected, however, are good and substantial edifices of brick and stone. The public edifices are, the College buildings; twelve churches, viz. six Congregational, two Episcopal, two Methodist, one Bap-

tist, and one Roman Catholic; a tontine, a state house, a jail, four banks, a custom house, and a state hospital. There are ten printing offices, from which are issued one daily, and three weekly newspapers; and two weekly, one monthly, and one quarterly, religious publications; and the American Journal of Science and Arts, conducted by Professor Silliman.—*Conn. Hist. Collections.*

Select Tales.

From Graham's Magazine.

COUSIN AGATHA.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"O what a goodly outside falsehood hath."—*Shakspeare.*

"I HAVE been thinking, Henry, that I should like to invite cousin Agatha to spend the winter with us: what do you say to my plan?"

"Really, Alice, I can say nothing about it, since I know nothing of the lady."

"Oh, I had forgotten that you had never seen her: she is only distantly related to us, but being left an orphan at an early age, she became an inmate of our family and continued to reside with us until she married. Agatha is several years my senior, and entered society while I was yet in the school-room; she married rather in opposition to the wishes of my parents, as they approved neither of the profession nor the character of her husband, who was an officer in the army, and known to be a man of dissolute habits. Poor thing! she has fully paid the penalty of her folly during seven years of poverty and discomfort. Her husband has been sent from one frontier station to another, until the health of both was destroyed, and at the time of his death they were both at Sackett's Harbor."

"Then she is a widow?"

"Yes, her vile husband died about a year since, and cousin Agatha is released from bondage, but reduced to actual penury. I received a letter from her yesterday, the first she has written since my marriage, and she alludes most touchingly to her desolate condition as contrasted with my happiness."

"And that letter, I suppose, induced you to think of inviting her to spend the winter with us?"

"It did, Harry; for I felt if it was almost selfish in me to be so happy when my early friend was pining in loneliness and poverty."

"I love the kindness of feeling which prompts you to such acts, dear Alice, but, to confess the truth, I would rather relieve your cousin's distresses in any other way."

"But there is no other way of doing so, Henry—she would not accept pecuniary aid from us: why do you object to her visit?"

"Because we are so happy that I dread any interruption to the calm current of our life."

"Thank you, dear Harry, I cannot find it in my heart to scold you for your selfishness," said the young wife, as she laid her hand on her husband's arm; "but really," she continued, "Cousin Agatha would be the last person in the world to disturb our tranquillity. She is full of gentleness and sentiment; a creature of warm and affectionate impulses, and she would delight in adding to our enjoyments. You know my health will confine me to the house this winter, and you

may find the long evenings hang heavy upon your hands."

"Not in your society, Alice."

"I am glad you think so, Harry; but when I am languid and dispirited from indisposition, you would find cousin Agatha a charming companion; besides, she would relieve me from some of the cares of house-keeping."

"Well, my dear, you offer so many good reasons in favor of her coming, that I can find no argument against it, but I have a sort of a presentiment that she will not be agreeable."

"Oh, Harry, how can you think so? if you could see her you would change your opinions very soon, for her picturesque appearance would charm your artistical taste."

"Is she very beautiful?"

"No but she is just the person to please a painter, for there is so beautiful a combination of light and shade in her face. She has those grey eyes which, when fringed with long, dark lashes, are so full of varied expression, and her hair, black as the raven's wing, falls in heavy natural ringlets that put to shame the skill of a *coiffeur*."

"May she not be altered since you saw her, Alice?"

"True, I had forgotten that more than five years have passed since we last met; but, even if her person has changed, her heart, I am sure, has not, and when you know her you will thank me for my pertinacity in thus wringing your reluctant consent to her visit."

"If you think it will add to your enjoyments, Alice, invite her by all means."

Alice Wentworth had been a wife scarcely two years, and her married life had been a scene of uninterrupted happiness. Nothing would have induced her to risk the disturbance of her tranquillity, but remembering the companion of her early years as one who had been the confidant of all her childish joys and sorrows, she looked upon her presence as the completion of her plans of enjoyment. Her husband's scruples she naturally attributed to unfounded prejudice which an acquaintance with her cousin could not fail to overcome, and, therefore, following the dictates of kindly feeling, she determined to cheer the bereaved widow by an affectionate letter of invitation.

Some three weeks after she had despatched her missive, at an early hour, on a cold autumnal morning, a carriage drove up to the door, and a loud ring announced the expected guest. Alice had not yet finished her morning toilet, and Mr. Wentworth hastened down to receive the lady; but scarcely had he got through the awkwardness of a self-introduction when his wife entered, full of impatience to embrace her early friend. During the mutual raptures of their meeting, he had leisure to scrutinize the new inmate of his family, and certainly his impressions were any thing but favorable. Cousin Agatha had taken a violent cold, her countenance was disfigured by a swollen cheek, and her eyes were bleared and inflamed by a severe attack of influenza, while the effect of steamboat slumber and a steamboat toilet did not tend to the improvement of her appearance. Indeed Harry Wentworth could scarcely refrain from laughter when he contrasted his wife's enthusiastic description with the reality before

him. But Alice, with ready hospitality, conducted her cousin to her apartment, and to that room the wearied traveler, overcome with illness and fatigue, was confined during the several succeeding days.

"When will your friend be presentable, Alice?" asked Mr. Wentworth one evening as he threw himself upon a sofa, after tea, "since she has been here you have not sat with me a half an hour, for your whole time seems devoted to nursing."

"I hope she will be well enough to meet you at dinner to-morrow, Harry; the swelling has left her face and she begins to look like herself. What amuses you so much?" she asked, as her husband burst into a loud laugh.

"I was thinking of the force of contrast, Alice; you are an excellent painter, dear, but you draw your tints too exclusively from fancy; who could have recognized your *picturesque beauty* with soft *grey eyes* and *raven curls* in the dowdyish looking woman with red nose and redder eyes whom I welcomed as cousin Agatha?"

"For shame, Harry, you ought not to judge of her by her appearance at that time."

"Perhaps not; but first impressions are the most durable, and I shall never see any beauty in your cousin, for even if she should hereafter appear to advantage when dressed for display, I shall never forget how she looked in her traveling dishabille; one thing you may be sure of, Alley, you will never have cause to be jealous of your *picturesque* cousin."

"I don't mean to be jealous of any one, Harry, but I shall be much mistaken if you do not learn to admire cousin Agatha."

"Then you may prepare yourself for a disappointment, Alice; I do not think I should feel perfectly satisfied with any one who had thus broken in upon our tranquil happiness, and even if I were disposed to like your cousin elsewhere she would not please me in our quiet home. Besides, I was disappointed in my idea of her personal beauty, and her manners appeared to me abrupt and inelegant."

"Harry, you never were more mistaken in your life."

"Well, well—it will be difficult to convince me of my error." A slight rustle at the door was heard as Mr. Wentworth finished his ungallant speech, and the next moment cousin Agatha entered.

"I thought I would endeavor to make my way to the drawing-room instead of depriving you any longer of the society of your husband, dear Alice," said she as she languidly sank into the softly-cushioned chair which Mr. Wentworth drew forward for her accommodation. Of course the usual congratulations followed, and as the invalid dropped the heavy shawl from her shoulders, Alice glanced towards her husband in the hope that he would not fail to observe the symmetry of her petite figure. He was too great an admirer of beauty to fail in such notice, yet still he could see little to claim admiration in her face. Her complexion was not clear; her mouth, though well formed and adorned with superb teeth, was large, and her eyes were dim from recent illness, while her curls were hidden beneath one of those fairy fabrics of gossamer and ribbon which often display the taste of the wearer at the

expense of a crowning beauty. But, ere the evening had expired, Mr. Wentworth was forced to acknowledge that he had formed too hasty an opinion of her manners, for, whatever *brusquerie* he might have observed on the morning of her arrival, he was certainly struck now by the easy elegance and graceful dignity of her deportment.

From this time cousin Agatha laid aside the character of an invalid, and, quietly taking her place at the table and fireside, seemed to have no other wish than to make herself useful. Devoted in her attentions to Alice, she took little notice of Mr. Wentworth except to receive his courteous civility with profound gratitude. He was nothing more to her than the husband of her friend, and while she exhibited the deepest interest in the development of Alice's mind and feelings, she seemed scarcely to observe the fine taste, the elegant scholarship, and the nobleness of sentiment which characterized Mr. Wentworth. Alice suffered no small degree of mortification from this evident coldness between those whom she was so anxious to behold friends. She could not bear to find Agatha so totally blind to the perfections of her beloved Henry, and she was almost as much annoyed at her husband's indifference to the graces of her cousin.

"You are pained because I do not sufficiently admire your husband, Alice," said Agatha, one day, when they were alone, "but surely you would not have me estimate him as highly as you do?"

"I would not have you love him quite as well, but I would have you appreciate his exalted qualities."

"My dear coz," said Agatha, with a slightly sarcastic smile, "do not, I pray you, make it one of the conditions of our friendship that I should see through your eyes. Mr. Wentworth is a fine scholar, a tolerable amateur painter, and a most ardent lover of his pretty wife; is that not sufficient praise?"

Alice felt uncomfortable, though she could scarcely tell why, at this and similar remarks from cousin Agatha. She had been accustomed to consider her husband a being of superior worth and endowments, but there was something in her cousin's manner of uttering commendation of him, which seemed to imply contempt even while it expressed praise. In the innocence of her heart, Alice several times repeated cousin Agatha's sayings to her husband, and they were not without their effect upon him. The self-love which exists, more or less, in every heart, was by no means a negative quality in the character of Mr. Wentworth. He knew his wife overrated his talents, but he loved her the better for her affectionate flattery, and cousin Agatha's apparent ignorance of his character mortified and vexed him. He began to think that his prejudices had prevented him from showing himself in a proper light; and his wounded vanity led him to redouble his attentions to his guest. Heretofore he had never thought of her except when in her company; but now, the certainty that she was as yet blind to his merits, made her an object of interest. He was not a very vain man, but his wife's idolatry had gratified even while he was fully aware of its extravagance, and he was proportionably annoyed by the perfect coldness with

which cousin Agatha regarded him. She seemed to think him a very good sort of a man, but not at all superior to the common herd, and he was determined to convince her of her mistake. Agatha had succeeded in her first design:—she had aroused him from the torpor of indifference.

Cousin Agatha was a most invaluable assistant to a young housekeeper, for she had a quick hand, a ready invention, and exquisite taste, so that whether a pudding was to be concocted, a dress trimmed, or a party given, she was equally useful. Alice had learned the duties of housekeeping theoretically and was now only beginning to put them in practice, as every young wife must do, for whatever she may know in the home of her childhood, she still finds much to be learned in organizing and arranging a new household. Cousin Agatha, on the contrary, had been trained from her childhood to do all these things, for the dependent orphan had early learned to earn her bread by her own usefulness. In the course of her married life she had been compelled to practice the thousand expedients which pride and poverty teach to a quick-witted woman, and it is not surprising, therefore, that her skill should far surpass that of the gentle and self-distrusting Alice. Doubting her own knowledge only because Agatha was near to advise, the young wife applied to her on all occasions, until at length the regulation of domestic affairs was entirely in her hands, and Alice was left only to assist in the execution of Agatha's plans. Cousin Agatha was always busied in some pretty feminine employment. She had very beautiful hands, and her long taper fingers were always engaged in some delicate needle-work or an elegant piece of tapestry. Did it ever occur to you, my fair reader, that a pretty hand never appears to such advantage as when busied with the needle? The piano extends the fingers until the hand sometimes resembles a bird's claw;—the pencil or the pen contracts it until half its beauty is concealed; but needle-work, with the various turnings and windings necessary to its accomplishment, displays both hands imperfectly natural positions and in every variety of grace. This fact was not unknown to cousin Agatha; she had no accomplishments, but she was rarely seen without the tiniest of gold thimbles upon her slender finger.

Slowly and by scarcely perceptible degrees, Agatha seemed to learn the full value of the prize which her friend had drawn in the lottery of life. His fine talents seemed to dawn upon her with daily increasing vividness, his amateur sketches became more and more characterized by genius, his musical taste developed itself surprisingly, and, ere many weeks had elapsed, Alice had the satisfaction of repeating to her husband many a heart-warm compliment breathed into the ear of the happy wife by cousin Agatha in her hours of confidential communing with her friend. Nor was Mr. Wentworth slower in discovering the latent charms of his guest. Restored to her former health, and associating as the guest of Mrs. Wentworth, in a pleasant circle of society, cousin Agatha threw aside the weeds of widowhood, and appeared in all the attractive coquetry of tasteful and becoming dress. Her luxuriant tresses were once more allowed to shadow her low feminine brow, and fall upon her graceful

neck, or, if bound up in conformity with fashion, the very restraint was studiously arranged in such a manner as to display their rich redundancy. Her grey eyes sometimes seemed actually flashing with light, and again were filled with the soft liquid lustre of intense sensibility; and then her smile, displaying her brilliant teeth and lighting up her whole face, had the effect of a sudden sunbeam upon a darkened landscape. The charm of Agatha's face was its vivid and varied expression; the grace of her person was the effect of long and carefully studied art. Not a look, not a gesture, not even a movement of her fringed eyelids, but was the result of frequent practice. There was a perfection of grace in her attitudes that seemed like Nature's self. Her head always assumed a pretty position, her curls always seemed to drop in their proper place, her drapery always fell in becoming folds, and no one observed that she was particular in avoiding cross lights, especially careful not to face a broad glare of sunshine, and remarkably fond of placing herself at the arm of a sofa, so as to obtain a fine back ground for the exhibition of her attitudes. Harry Wentworth wondered how he could ever have thought her ugly. And then her manners:—what could be more gentle, more feminine, more fascinating than the tenderness of her tones and the sweetness of her deportment? She seemed to look upon gentlemen as if she felt all a woman's helplessness, and was willing to consider man as a "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," born to be her natural protector. There was something so pleading in the soft eyes which she lifted to the face of the sterner sex, that few could resist their charm, and actually Harry Wentworth was not one of those few.

Long before the time fixed for the termination of Agatha's visit, Alice had urged her to prolong her stay, and, when Mr. Wentworth added his earnest entreaties, she was induced to promise that she would set no other limit to its duration than such as circumstances might create. But as week after week fled by, Alice began to doubt whether she had acted wisely in making this request. She was ashamed to acknowledge even to herself the feeling, but somehow or other, she was not quite as happy as she had been before cousin Agatha's coming. She attributed it to the nervous irritability from which she was now suffering, and endeavored to think that when she should once more recover her health, she would find her former enjoyment in Agatha's society. But Agatha sometimes made such singular remarks;—they were uttered with the utmost simplicity and *naiete*, her smile was full of sweetness, her tones like the summer breeze when she spoke, and yet the import of her words was excessively cutting and sarcastic. There was often an implied censure in her manner of replying to Alice—not in the words themselves, but rather in their application, which the young wife, sick and dispirited, felt perhaps too keenly. Alice was uncomfortable, and yet she scarcely could tell why. A shadow was resting upon her path, and she felt, although she saw it not, that there was a cloud in her sunny sky. The idea that she was no longer absolutely essential to her husband's comfort sometimes crossed her mind. During the many hours which she was obliged to

spend in her own apartment, she found that Henry was fully occupied with his game of chess, or his favorite book in company with cousin Agatha, and though it seemed only a realization of her own wishes, yet she was not prepared to find herself so entirely thrown into the back-ground of the family picture.

At length Alice became a mother, and in the new emotions awakened in her bosom she forgot her vague feelings of discomfort. Mr. Wentworth was too proud and happy to think of anything but his boy, and when Alice beheld him bending over their cradled treasure with a feeling almost of awe as well as love, she wondered how she could ever have felt unhappy for a moment. Cousin Agatha seemed to share in all their joy, and in the presence of the father she fondled and caressed the child as gracefully as possible.

"Do you not think, Alice," said she one day, as she sat with the babe lying on her lap, while Wentworth bent fondly over it, "do you not think your sweet little Harry resembles poor Charles Wilson?"

"No, indeed I do not," exclaimed Alice, quickly, while the blood mounted to her pallid cheek and brow.

"Well, I certainly see a strong likeness; there is the same peculiar dimple in the chin, which neither you nor Mr. Wentworth have, and even the color of his eyes reminds me of Charles," said cousin Agatha.

"His eyes are like his father's said Alice, "and nothing is more common than to see in the face of a child a dimple which entirely disappears in later life."

"Well, Alice, dear, I did not mean to awaken any painful reminiscence by my remark; I did not know you were so sensitive on the subject." These words were uttered in the blandest tones, and the sweet smile which accompanied them was as beautiful as a sunbeam on a troubled sea; but Alice felt both pained and vexed. Agatha had recurred to the only unpleasant recollections of her whole life, and she could not determine whether it had been done by design, or was merely the result of thoughtlessness. The remark had not been without its effect upon Mr. Wentworth. He saw with surprise the evident vexation of his wife at the mention of Charles Wilson's name, and while he feared to ask an explanation from her in her present feeble state of health, he determined to satisfy his curiosity by appealing to cousin Agatha.

"Did you never hear of Charles Wilson?" exclaimed Agatha, in great apparent surprise, when, a few hours afterwards, he asked the question.

"Never until I heard you mention him," was the reply.

"Then I ought not to tell you anything about him, because I cannot betray the confidence of a friend."

"But as a friend I entreat you to tell me."

"It is impossible, Mr. Wentworth:—what Alice has thought best to conceal I certainly will not disclose; strange that she should not have told you; there certainly ought to be the most perfect confidence between husband and wife."

"Agatha, you have excited such a painful interest in the secret, whatever it is, that I must know it."

"You will not betray me to Alice if I tell you?"

"Certainly not, if secrecy be the only condition on which I can learn the truth."

"And you promise not to think harshly of poor Alice?"

"It would be strange if I should think other than well of one whose purity of heart is so well known to me."

"Well, then," replied the insidious woman, with a slight, a very slight sneer on her lip, "since you have such undoubting faith in your wife there can be no harm in telling you. But really we are making a great affair of a very trifling occurrence. Charles Wilson was a clerk to Alice's father, and while she was yet at school, he made love to her in the hope of enticing her into a clandestine marriage. Alice was only about fifteen, and like all girls of her age was delighted with a first lover. He lived in the house with us, and of course enjoyed many opportunities of meeting her, so that before we knew anything about it, an elopement was actually planned. I happened to discover it, and as my duty required, I made it known to her parents. The consequence was that Wilson was dismissed and Alice sent to boarding school; I dare say she has thanked me for it since, though then she could not forgive me. You look pained, Mr. Wentworth. I hope my foolish frankness has not made you unhappy. I really thought it such a childish affair that I felt no hesitation in alluding to it to-day, supposing that Alice had lost all sensitiveness about it, and I was never more surprised than by her evident agitation. However, I confess I was wrong; I ought to have known that an early disappointment is not forgotten even in the midst of happiness."

"How long since this happened?" asked Mr. Wentworth.

"Just before I was married—I suppose about eight years ago; I wonder Alice did not tell you the whole story, but she is such a timid creature that I suppose she could not summon courage enough to be perfectly frank with you."

Wentworth made no reply, but the poisoned arrow had reached its mark. His confidence in his wife was shaken; he had not been the first love of her young heart—she had loved and been beloved—she had plighted her faith even in her girlhood, and the creature whom he believed to be as pure in heart as an infant, had narrowly escaped the degradation of a clandestine marriage with an inferior. He was shocked and almost disgusted; he felt heartsick, and even the sight of his child, connected as it now was with the similitude of the early lover, was painful to him. He recalled a thousand trifling circumstances which would have passed by unheeded but for cause. In Agatha's kind attempts to explain Alice's meaning, and all now corroborated his suspicions of his wife's perfect sincerity. The more he discussed the matter with Agatha, the more dissatisfied did he become with Alice; and in proportion as she fell in his estimation the frank and noble character of Agatha arose. There was a heightened sentiment about her, a sense of honor and an intensity of feeling which added new charms to her expressive countenance and graceful manners. Wentworth was not in love with Agatha,

but he was a little out of love with his wife, and the constant presence of such a fascinating woman, at such a moment, was certainly somewhat dangerous. More than once he caught himself regretting that Alice was not more like her cousin, and long before Alice was well enough to leave her apartment, he had become quite reconciled to her absence from the drawing-room. Alice felt his increasing neglect, but she dared not allow herself to attribute it to its true cause. Cousin Agatha was so kind, so attentive to her, and studied so much the comfort of Mr. Wentworth, that she almost hated herself for the growing dislike which she was conscious of feeling towards her.

One day, about two months after the birth of her babe, Alice, who had been suffering from a slow fever, felt so much better that she determined to surprise her husband by joining him at dinner. Wrapping a shawl about her, she slowly proceeded down stairs, and finding the drawing-room door partly open, entered so silently as not to disturb the occupants of the apartment. Mr. Wentworth was lying on a sofa, while cousin Agatha sat on a low ottoman beside him, with one hand threading the mazes of his bright hair, while the other was clasped in his. The face of Agatha was hidden from her, but the wretched wife beheld the eyes of her husband upturned towards it with the most vivid expression of fondness and passion. Her very soul grew sick as she gazed; she turned to glide from the room and fell senseless on the threshold. Weeks had elapsed ere she recovered her consciousness. The sudden shock which her weakened nerves had sustained, produced inflammation of the brain, and for many an anxious day her husband watched beside her sick bed, dreading lest every hour should be her last. She lay in a state of stupor, and her first signs of returning consciousness was the shiver that ran through her frame when the voice of cousin Agatha struck upon her ear.

Mr. Wentworth was conscience-stricken when, aroused by the sound of her fall, he had beheld Alice lying lifeless on the floor. He uttered not a word of enquiry, but he readily divined the cause of her condition, and, as he bore her to her apartment, he almost hated himself for the brief delirium in which his senses had been plunged. He could not be said to love Agatha, but her fascination had not been without their effect upon his ardent nature. He did not attempt to analyse his feelings, but yielding to the spell which enthralled him, abandoned himself to the enjoyment of her blandishments. Hour after hour had he spent in listening to the false sentiment which fell from her lips in the most honied accents—evening after evening had he consumed in attending her to parties of pleasure—day after day had been bestowed on the completion of her portrait, while Alice was left to the solitude of her sick room. But now, when he beheld her stricken down at his very feet, the scales seemed to fall from his eyes, and his infidelity of heart appeared to him in all its true wickedness. The toils which the insidious Agatha had woven about him were broken as if by magic, and his wife, his long-suffering, wronged Alice was dearer to him than all the world beside. He watched by her with all the kindness of early

affection, and well did he understand her abhorrent shudder at the presence of Agatha. His devoted attention and the *adieu*s of cousin Agatha, who now found it necessary to terminate her visit, had no small share in restoring Alice to convalescence.

Alice was slowly regaining health and strength; the faint tint of the wild-rose was once more visible on her thin cheek, and her feeble step had again borne her to the room so fraught with painful remembrances. But far different were the feelings with which she now revisited that neglected apartment. Cousin Agatha was gone—she was once more alone with her husband, and with true womanly affection she willingly forgot his past errors in his present tenderness. But there were some things yet to be explained before perfect confidence could exist between them. The serpent had been driven from their Paradise, but its trail had been left on many a flower;—the shadow of distrust still lay dark upon the pleasant paths of domestic peace, and yet both shrunk from uttering the mystic word which might chase its gloom forever. But the moment of explanation came. A letter from cousin Agatha was placed in the hands of Alice, and repressing the shudder with which she looked upon it, she proceeded to peruse it; but scarcely had she read three lines, when, with an exclamation of surprise, she handed it to her husband, and telling him it interested him no less than herself, begged him to read it aloud. It was as follows:

"MY SWEET COUSIN,

"I write to repeat my thanks for the exceeding kindness and hospitality which I received while an inmate of your family. I feel especially bound to do this, because, as I am on the point of embarking for France, I may be unable for several years to offer my acknowledgments in person. You are doubtless surprised, but you will perhaps be still more so when I tell you that I am going to join my husband. Our marriage took place more than a year since, but we thought it prudent to conceal it both on account of my then recent widowhood, and because my husband was not then of age. His guardian was opposed to his union with your penniless cousin, and he was sent off on a European tour to avoid me; but we were secretly married before his departure, and as he has now attained his majority, he has written to me to meet him in Paris, where I hope to find that domestic felicity which I failed to derive from my former unhappy connection. By the way, my dear Alice, I fancied when I was at your house, that there was some little coldness existing between you and your husband. I sincerely hope that I was mistaken, and that it was my love for you which rendered me too observant of the little differences which frequently occur in married life. I think Mr. Wentworth was piqued about your early engagement with Charles Wilson; you had better explain the matter to him and he will probably find as little cause for his jealousy as, I assure you, there was for yours. Don't pout, dear Alice, you certainly were a little jealous of me, but I only flirted harmlessly with your husband *pour passer le tems*; and perhaps a little out of revenge. I wanted to try whether a 'little dowdyish red-nosed woman' could have any attractions for him."

"By Jupiter! she must have been listening at the door when I was discussing the subject of her ill-looks just after her arrival," exclaimed Mr. Wentworth.

"Yes, and mortified vanity will account for her well-practiced seductions, Harry," said Alice; "but let us hear the end of this precious epistle." Mr. Wentworth resumed:

"I hope he has fallen into his old habits again and is as fond and lover-like as I found him on my arrival. One piece of advice I must give you, my sweet Alice; do not trust him too much with those who have greater powers of fascination than his little wife, for believe me, he possesses a very susceptible nature. Do not be such a good spouse as to show him my letter. Remember I write to you with my usual impudent frankness. Kiss little Harry for me and remember me most kindly to your amiable husband."

"Ever your devoted friend and cousin,

"AGATHA."

"P. S. Can I send you any *nicknackery* from Paris? I shall be delighted to be of service to you."

"Well, that is as characteristic a letter as I ever read," exclaimed Wentworth as he flung it on the table; "how adroitly she mingles her poison with her sweetmeats; and how well she has managed to affix a sting at the last: I wonder whom she has duped into a marriage."

"Some foolish boy, doubtless, for she speaks of him as being just of age, while she will never again see her thirtieth summer," said Alice; "but what does she mean Harry about my early engagement with Charles Wilson? He was a clerk to my father."

"She told me a long story Alice about a proposed elopement between you and this said Charles Wilson which had been prevented by her interference."

"Good Heavens! Harry, how she must have misrepresented the affair. Wilson was in papa's employ and probably fancied it would be a good speculation if he could marry his employer's daughter. He became exceedingly troublesome to me by his civilities, and finally made love to me in plain terms, when I communicated the whole affair to cousin Agatha, and begged her to tell papa of it, because I was such a child that I was ashamed to tell him myself. She did so, and Wilson was dismissed; but I was then only a school girl."

"You seemed so agitated when she recurred to the subject that I readily believed her story."

"I was vexed, Harry, because she insinuated that there was a likeness between our dear boy and that vulgar fellow."

"How I have been deceived by a fiend in the form of an angel," exclaimed Wentworth; "we should have been saved much suffering if she had never entered our doors."

"Indeed we should, Harry, and I shall never cease to reproach myself for my folly in introducing such a serpent into our Elysium."

"Your motives were kind and good, Alice; and though it has been to you a severe lesson in the deceitfulness of the world, and to me a still more painful one in the deceitfulness of my own heart, yet, I trust, that to both of us it may not be without its salutary influences."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

SIGNOR CARONI.

An Instructive Tale.

BY "EMILLIE."

"WELL Mary," said Catharine Norman to her sister, as she entered her dressing-room and commenced embroidering a rose-bud, "How do you like Miss Provost, the principal attraction at Mrs. Burton's last evening?"

"Like her—well she is rather pretty to be sure, but not impressively handsome enough to monopolize all the admiration. And then she was drest very plainly, no trimmings—no jewels of any description, her whole costume was altogether too simple."

"Ah! sister, it is that same elegant simplicity which you so much dislike, that constitutes the charm of her personal appearance. The admirable good taste which she displays, has always been appreciated from 'time immemorial,' and I must confess, that when I saw her in her 'very simple dress,' (which by the way was of the richest materials) and listened to her fascinating powers of conversation, I almost trembled for the 'dazzling Miss Norman,' with her artificials and load of jewelry."

"Pshaw! Catharine, I haven't the least idea that such a baby-faced thing as Emily Provost, will long continue to be the 'admired of all admirers.' And the confident beauty glanced complacently at a full-length mirror which swung on its stand opposite, with an air of satisfaction that would doubtless have settled the question to a demonstration, had Kate been less indefatigable in following the thread of an argument."

"Oh! you needn't steal such side-long glances, we all know that you pride yourself upon your raven hair, flashing eyes, and classical features; but now, instead of being '*La divino Norman*,' it will be '*La divino Provost*.'" And the laughing girl threw herself into Signor Caroni's most exquisite attitude, when he wished to be particularly agreeable. Now the Signor was one of Mary's especial favorites, and though she was somewhat piqued at the idea of the little Provost's superiority in beauty, she could not help laughing at the inimitable tone and attitude."

"And I wonder, sister dear, if he has not won her heart, as he has yours, with his pretty stories of Italia and his flirtations with Madame B. Countessa C. and a dozen other beautiful creatures, who never 'knew what it was to love,' till they saw the Signor's conquering frontispiece. By the way, Mary, do you know that I believe that he has never been in Italy at all; I strongly suspect that he is an American, who is playing the Italian with the assistance of his fine features, for the novelty of the thing."

"Oh! Kate, Kate, you are perfectly absurd, do you think Henry would have introduced him here on his arrival from Charleston, as an intimate friend and acquaintance whom he had met in Europe, if he had not been what he represents himself to be. And then his descriptions of Italian scenery are so natural and glowing, and his whole manner so unquestionable and agreeable, that I wonder that you entertain a

doubt on the subject." And Mary unconsciously sighed.

"You will have full privilege of sighing as much as you like, Mary, for the Signor leaves us in one short week, and then you will doubtless do nothing but indite sonnets, and read the 'Pleasures of Memory.'" Here the mischievous creature paused to witness the effect of the announcement.

Mary had turned her head, and a profusion of *papillotes* concealed her face, but the nervous movement of the fingers, as they urged the needle through the last leaf, told plainly that the tidings were unexpected.

"And now, Sis, if you cannot have the Signor's presence, you can have my absence, for I am going to practice my German air, for to-night." And she bent gracefully over her sister as she spoke, and laying her hand on her heart *a la baroni*, ran off with a laugh that made the room ring long after her light step was heard on the stairs.

While Kate is practising her German *adante*, we will give a short sketch of the interesting personages whom we have introduced to the reader *sans ceremonie*.

Mr. Norman, was one of the most talented lawyers in New-York. His professional abilities placed him at the climax of popularity, while his solid integrity and genuine benevolence made him a valuable member of the social circle.

Mrs. Norman, at the period in which our tale commences, had been dead three years, and the whole affection of the father was equally divided between his three children, the eldest of whom, named Henry, had just returned from a tour in Europe, whither he had gone after finishing his collegiate labors, to acquire the only correct knowledge of the world, by actual observation and hard traveling. His character will develop itself anon.

Mary, his eldest sister, was a dark-eyed, haughty-looking girl of nineteen, with an air of confident beauty which tells plainly that the owner is accustomed to receive the homage of poor, undone bipeds, as if it was a part and portion of existence. Not only was she vain of her sparkling beauty, but as a natural consequence, was passionately fond of dress. On this point she gave her worthy father much uneasiness. His simple and correct taste had often been shocked by the superabundance of ornaments, and incongruous mixture of showy colors, but gentle expostulations failed to produce the desired effect. We must not forget to mention that she was exceedingly fond of foreigners, who could make an imposing appearance in her train, and boasted the enviable felicity of being "perfectly heart-whole," which assertion nobody ever presumed to question.

Catharine, how shall we describe her. Dear reader, hast thou ever in thy travels met with a beautiful, laughing, singing creature, with a profusion of chesnut curls, a roguish satirical pair of eyes, and tongue to match; who seemed to diffuse the spirit of light and gladness on all around, and at the same time quizzed her friends most unmercifully with all the fervor of a regular Zantippe. And then she had such a talent for imitation, and such a keen perception of the

ludicrous, that she often threw her father into a most ungovernable fit of laughing.

These propensities of Kate, were instrumental in ameliorating those of Mary, by holding them up to ridicule, and presenting them in their true light.

At a party given by Mrs. Telford, a few evenings after, Emily Provost was again the cynosure of all eyes. Mary Norman was dressed elaborately as usual, and had the mortification of seeing the Signor play the amiable to Miss Provost every convenient opportunity.

Catharine was unusually lively—she talked with the talkers, and sentimentalized with the poetical—in short, made herself universally agreeable. They returned home at an early hour.

While Mary was undergoing the process of undressing, (always a serious operation with her,) she vented her dissatisfaction on various innocent actors of the evening, particularly the gentlemen, who she declared, "evinced a shocking bad taste," in fancying Emily Provost so "very beautiful."

"Is it possible that my sister has allowed the 'green-eyed monster' to gain such an ascendancy. If I were sure that she would not be offended I could tell her of a very interesting little by-talk, which I accidentally overheard between two gentlemen."

"Who were they—what was the subject?"

"All in good time, sister dear, but promise you will not pout."

"I promise—proceed."

"Well, one of the speakers was a tall, handsome fellow of twenty-eight or thereabout, black eyes, tremendous whiskers, and foreign accent."

"Signor Caroni?"

"The other seemed to be on terms of the closest intimacy. He was a graceful, light-haired, gentle-looking young man, and evinced by his few remarks, a more matured understanding than one would imagine from his youthful appearance. The subject was Miss Mary Norman, and her wardrobe—"

"And the young confidant was my very particular friend, Edward Henley," said Mary, endeavoring to look very indifferent. "Well what did the two worthies say to each other?"

"In the first place, the Signor showed a familiarity with Edward Henley, which surprised me very much, for he not only avowed his regard for you, but declared that 'he could never marry a person who adorned herself merely for the admiration of the multitude, and for purposes of coquetry.'"

"John," said Mary next morning, "you may go to Benson's, and tell him I shall not take the bracelets which I looked at yesterday."

The ornaments had been the subject of Mary's "waking dreams" for the last three days, and she had decided that she would have them. Consequently Kate was very much astonished at the announcement, but for once she restrained her quizzical propensities. Mary was evidently bent upon retrenchment, and she was too sisterly to guess the motive.

The Signor dropped in, in the course of the evening. Mary was dressed in dark silk, with her hair in Madonna bands, and a single jewel

displayed itself on the bosom of the dress, in place of the usual elaborate home costume and glitter of ornaments. He was too gentlemanly to stare directly in her face, but Kate who was making believe busy with her drawings, was very much amused to see the surprise and pleasure depicted in his tell-tale face.

As the moments flew on, not "winged with sighs," as the poet has it, but with happy thoughts, Kate noticed that the pertness of which Mary was occasionally guilty, and which she mistook for wit, was dropped entirely, and notwithstanding her love for her sister, and contempt for every thing like hasty judgment, she was nearly convulsed with laughter, at detecting several very good imitations of "baby-faced" Emily Provost's manner.

The Signor's manner changed anon too, there was a deference and deep respect in his tone when he addressed her, which Kate had never noticed before, and they were in the midst of an animated discussion on the merits of Sir Walter Scott, when Edward Henley was announced.

What a world of meaning can be expressed in a look. It was such a one that the Signor and Henley exchanged, as the latter caught sight of Mary's simple and tasteful costume, while she, dear creature, had given Kate just such another look, and turned her eyes in the opposite direction just in time to catch the knowing expression of the gentlemen. The consequence was a painful blush, a very clever attempt to look as if nothing particular was going on, but as is often the case, the very effort at concealment betrays the presence of the secret. One glance at Kate's averted eyes, and a certain mysterious connection which we all make of events, told plainly that the conversation in the recess the preceding evening had found more ears than it was intended for. It was a moment of embarrassment to all—each had the key of the others feelings, and it was some time before any thing like an attempt at conversation was made. At length, however, the current flowed smoothly again, and the gentlemen took their leave.

The reader must not give Mary more credit than she really deserved. She had begun by investigating the manners of Emily Provost, and the further she searched the more she became interested, and it was but natural to attempt imitation of what she could not but acknowledge was *comme il faut*, in every respect.

Mr. Norman marked the alteration with delight, and like a good indulgent father as he was, attributed it to a dawning of correct taste and filial regard. Henry Norman was the only one who spoke to Mary on the subject, they had long talks and long rides, and what they managed to talk about nobody knew, but the conversation was evidently satisfactory.

Gradually, the improvement which arose from love of approbation in a fellow being, became a settled characteristic of Mary, and it was with pleasure that her brother found himself no longer under obligations of playing critic.

Poor Kate was obliged to look elsewhere for a target, and as her arrows were always well timed and never malicious, she succeeded in transfixing the heart of Mr. Henley, entirely unintentionally too.

It was never known in precisely what language he spoke when he murmured something about "speaking to papa," but a domestic who was busily engaged in the next room, declared that Miss Catharine indulged herself in a laugh, "right afore his eyes and face."

It was at the close of a beautiful day in June that Mary Norman was seated at the window of the parlor with a gentleman who was, and who was not the signor.

He had contrived to get possession of one of the little white hands, and had evidently been saying something very interesting, for there was a tell-tale blush on Mary's cheek, while he proceeded.

"And now sweetest, do you think you could love a person who is not a foreigner, and who has never been in Italy?"

A gentle pressure of the hand which he still continued to hold in durance, accompanied the question, and Mary looked up in his face with an arch smile as she answered—

"Yes, if you could love one who has ceased to 'decorate her person for purposes of display and coquetry.'"

"Can you forgive the deception I have stooped to practice. I knew your fondness for dress, learned your predelection for foreigners, and felt that to reclaim such an inestimable jewel, a little stratagem was pardonable."

"Your brother has been my counsel in this affair, and to him I refer you for my real character and name. In the meanwhile allow me to personate the Signor, or at least till Mr. Norman returns from his office."

And the Signor had just pressed the little hand to his lips and said "adieu," as Henry Norman entered with Emily Provost.

A significant glance told Henry that the *de nouement* was accomplished, and the Signor turning gracefully around, was presented to Mary as "Sidney Linwood, of Boston," the companion of his travels and pastimes.

"Mary, how would you like 'baby-faced' Emily for a sister?" whispered Henry, as Emily was saying "more last words" to the Signor.

"Ha—ha—ha—I have you now," laughed Henry, as he caught her look of surprise and pleasure.

Dear reader, we will not insult thy judgment by drawing a moral to this tale of truth, thinking that it is an imposition on one's perceptive powers, but if thou hast amused a wearisome hour by the relation, we trust it will leave thee not without benefit.

Chatham, Jan. 1842.

MISCELLANY.

MEMORY.

WHATEVER has once given us pain or pleasure is remembered long, and recurred to often, as we pass down the journey of life to the grey hairs and solitudes of our last years. Love has been to every one the source of both. Every one has treasured away on the sacred pages of memory a thousand little incidents, never to be revealed in time, to which, as to some fascinating fiction, it returns, whenever a gloomy or an idle, unsocial,

hour, calls up the musing spirit—and turns the mind upon the past. Life, reviewed through the mists of by-gone years, seems rather a curious wrought fiction, or a feverish dream, than a stern reality. We are surrounded by mementos of the affection of friends, but these friends, themselves, are gone—we remember the counsels of wisdom, the sage instructions of experience, by which our minds were formed, and a direction given to the current of our thoughts and habits, but the lips from whence they flowed, have long been mute as the still valley where they lie mouldering. We have danced and sung with the gay and giddy, and been enraptured at the thrilling voice and kindling eye of beauty, but we are alone. The visions have passed from us. In one grave-yard and another, there are little hillocks, and white stones bearing remembered names, and this is all, all that is left to us. But it is among the melancholy ruins of the past, that we gather the richest stores for the future. It is there we learn how very vain are earthly hopes—how fleeting earthly friends—how frail even the strongest chords of affection. It is there we learn to prepare for another state of being.—*Trenton Emporium.*

THE FAITHFUL DOG.

In Youatt's "Humanity to Brutes," is recorded the following anecdote of a Newfoundland dog:—

"A vessel was driven on the beach of Lloyd in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously—eight poor fellows were crying for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave."

EXPENSES AND INCOME.

BEWARE of thinking all your own that you possess, and of living accordingly. It is a mistake that many people who have credit, fall into. To prevent this, keep an exact account, for some time, both of your expenses and income. If you take the pains at first to mention particulars, it will have this good effect; you will discover how wonderfully small trifling expenses amount up to large sums, and will discern what might have been and may for the future, be saved without occasioning great inconvenience.

WIVES.

I am acquainted with a great many good wives, notable, and so managing that they make a man

every thing but *happy*—and I know a great many others, who sing, and paint, and play, and cut paper and are so accomplished that they have no time to be *agreeable*, and no time to be useful.—Pictures and fiddles, and every thing but agreeableness and goodness, can be had for money; but as there is no market where pleasant manners, and engaging conversation, and christian virtues, are to be bought, methinks it is a pity the ladies do not oftener try to provide them at home.—*Hannah Moore.*

THERE is a man in this city whose memory is so short that it only reaches to his knees. His feet are so out of the reach of it, that he can't remember from day to day whether he has paid for his boots or not. The shoemaker says he still owes for them, but he don't recollect a word about it himself. What a pity!—*Crescent City.*

GRATITUDE.—Gratitude was fancifully said to be the memory of the heart; but alas! for poor human nature, hearts are more than suspected to have wondrous short memories.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

D. H. C. Chatham, N. Y. \$1.00; W. Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; W. G. Middleville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. Canastota, N. Y. \$1.00; L. W. Cheshire, Ms. 1.00; P. M. St. Charles, Ill. \$2.00; E. W. A. Stratton's Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; H. H. Milville, Ms. \$10.00; J. E. H. Conway, Ms. \$1.00; W. H. S. Chatham Centre, N. Y. \$1.00; E. V. N. H. Williamsboro, N. C. \$1.00; A. H. B. Oswego, N. Y. \$1.00; H. L. W. Unity, Ill. \$1.00; W. M. H. Palmyra, N. Y. \$1.00; W. J. Bethany, N. Y. \$1.00; S. L. R. Livonia, N. Y. \$1.00; S. S. W. Haydensville, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Falls Village, Ct. \$1.00; J. C. Valatie, N. Y. \$1.00; D. B. F. Montpelier, Vt. \$1.00; J. B. A. Bradford, Vt. \$1.00; A. K. Wilkesbarre, Pa. \$1.00; G. W. S. Derby, Ct. \$1.00; E. C. Bouckville, N. Y. \$1.00; F. M. K. Chelmsford, Ms. \$1.00; W. C. Smyrna, N. Y. \$0.62; E. R. R. Chester, Ct. \$1.00; W. C. Alexander, N. Y. \$1.00; E. L. C. Galway, N. Y. \$1.00; P. B. Wattsburgh, Pa. \$1.00; S. P. West Bloomfield, N. Y. \$1.00.

Married.

On the 19th inst. at Mount Merino, near Hudson, at the residence of Oliver Wiswall, Esq. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Charles P. Waldron, of Hudson, to Miss Mary S. Wiswall, adopted daughter of Oliver Wiswall, Esq.

At Claverack, on the 28th ult. by the Rev. R. Snyter, Mr. David S. Miller to Miss Catharine Rockefeller, youngest daughter of Wm. W. Rockefeller, Esq. all of the above place.

At Claverack, on the 1st inst. by the same, Mr. Robert Caldwell, of Hudson, to Miss Hannah Decker, of the town of Livingston.

At Mellenville, on the 18th inst. by the Rev. J. Berger, Mr. Thomas Davis, of Chatham, to Miss Mary Ann Rivenburgh, of Claverack.

At the same place, by the same, on the 21st inst. James W. Rockefeller to Miss Esther Avery, both of Taghkanic.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Vandervert, Mr. Henry Miller, of Kinderhook, to Miss Catharine Amelia Van Slyck, also of Kinderhook.

At Rondout, on the 17th inst. by the Rev. David Morris, Martin W. Houghtaling to Miss Mary T. Matteson.

In Esopus, on the 11th inst. by the Rev. Abraham Fort, James A. Taylor, of Rondout, to Maria, youngest daughter of Martinus Cole, of the former place.

At Ballston, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. David Murdoch, Mr. George Satterlee to Miss Mary Jane Davidson, all of the above place.

Died.

In this city, on the 14th inst. Mary Gifford, wife of Abner Gifford, in the 80th year of her age. For more than 46 years she was a worthy member of the Society of Friends.

On the 18th inst. Mr. John McFarren, in his 46th year.

On the 21st inst. Reuben S. T. son of Edward S. and Eliza Lay, in his 5th year.

At Mellenville, on the 15th inst. Reuben, son of George Rivenburgh, aged 6 years, 3 months and 3 days.

At Hillsdale, on the 16th inst. Mrs. Rhoda Jordan, consort of Col. Wm. Jordan, of a lingering illness, in the 60th year of her age.

At Durham, Greene Co. on the 16th inst. Mr. Daniel, youngest son of Mr. Philip Wagoner, formerly of Claverack, Columbia Co. aged 21 years and 3 months.

In New-York, on the 16th inst. Abigail, wife of Captain Reuben Benker, in the 70th year of her age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

CHRISTMAS.

'Twas over ancient Bethlehem's plains,
Bright shone that wondrous magic star,
Which guided men of wisest minds,
From eastern countries, distant—far.

They came to seek a heavenly king,
Whom prophets had to man revealed;
And now that happy hour had come,
They longed to see their country's shield.

But when the haughty Herod heard,
His trembling heart leaped not for joy;
With honeyed words he sent them forth,
Only, that he might Christ destroy.

While holy shepherds guard their flocks,
And nightly contemplate the heaven,
An angel from above came down,
Proclaimed to them a Savior given.

The bright, angelic, heavenly choir,
Broke forth in sweetest strains to sing,
Glory to God, a Savior's born
For man, a prophet, priest and king.

But blessed Savior, thou art now
At God's right hand in heaven above,
To intercede before the throne;
Displaying thus thy wondrous love.

Hail blessed day! Hail glorious morn!
When God to us a Savior gave,
We bless each "merry Christmas" day,
And still will bless it, while we live. C.

Hudson, Dec. 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

THE PARENT'S GRAVE.

If there's one spot on earth, that's dear and sacred,
Where memory clings with fond, undying love,
Where the heart dwells with pure and hallowed
thoughts,

'Tis where a parent's slumbering ashes rest;
Hallowed by all that's dear in human life,
By nature's fondest, strongest ties and sympathies.

There is a joy, when the surrounding world
Is wrapt in sleep, 'midst the stern silence
That pervades the gloom of midnight's solemn
And impressive hours, to wander forth, and
Breathe out freely o'er a parent's tomb our woes,
And vent the aching of a wounded heart.

'Tis there we find a secret sympathy,
A mild, a holy, and a calm relief.

The lonely orphan's wandering spirit,
Tired of the folly of the world's vain show,
Strays, thither strays, to hang and weep around
The much-loved relics of departed worth;

'Tis all on earth that's left to bless and soothe
His anguished feelings; 'tis the mild balm
And solace of his woes; there he can turn
With sacred pleasure calm, from the cold looks
Of a repulsive and neglectful world,
And holding silent commune with the dead,
Pour out with fervent freedom all his thoughts,
His spirit's deepest, keenest wrongs, and anguish.
And then the thoughts of former, brighter days,
By memory's faithful monitor enkindled,

Break through the hanging gloom that shrouds his
soul,

Light up his spirit with a fervent glow,
Raising his mind to upper, purer spheres,
And leave the world, its woes and wretchedness,
Its pains and doubts, and gloomy fears, behind.

This, this is joy exalted and refined;
No earthly, sensual thoughts are mingled there;
But, like the feelings of a dying saint,
When heaven seems opening on his closing eyes,
'Tis high and holy, calm and pure and bright.

HARCOURT.

Comstock's Landing, N. Y. 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

TO L——.

This little lock of raven hair,
I treasure it with tender care,
For oh! it has some magic power;
To soothe me in affliction's hour.

For oft when I upon it gaze,
I think of other, happier days;
When I was joyous, wild, and free,
A thing of mirth, of love, and glee,

When not a cloud, or thought, or care,
Upon my spirit's mirth did wear,
When every pulse was bounding light,
And all things seemed like heaven bright.

I then was loved, was happy, gay,
I deemed that like a summer day
My life would pass, I did not know
So bright a dawn, could end in woe.

My happiness! I could not think
That I should see it link, by link,
Broken, and rent, and in decay,
Its every trace so passed away.

But so it is, our life is naught
But a brief span, with sorrow fraught,
A feverish dream, which soon must close,
And find in death a long repose. J. K.

Hudson, January 20, 1842.

For the Rural Repository.

THE WHIRLWIND.

Written in an Album.

The whirlwind rushes through the stormy sky
And sweeps impetuous o'er the trembling earth,
While on the summit of the mountain crag
And far along the low descending vale
The terror of its strength is heard and felt.
Yon distant traveler o'er the rocky way
Kneels trembling to the ground, and by his side
The fearful beast seems conscious of its fate.
That sturdy oak which long has bid a bold
Defiance to the storm, now feels its power,
And riven by the scathing thunderbolt,
It breaks; it falls with a tremendous crash.
So perishes and falls majestic man,
When Death approaches in the whirlwind's car
And wheeling madly onward, rives in twain
His fairest hopes, his life, his all. B. M. G.

Barry Ville, November, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

FANCY AND REALITY.

BY MRS. C. E. DICKERMAN.

THEY told me life had trials
Its brightest hours to shade,
That o'er its fairest pathway
The hue of gloom was laid.

That flowers all brightly glowing
But hid the thorn of care,
That the darkened stain of sin
Was ever lurking there.

Oh! how could I believe them
When my young heart was light,
When of sickness and of sorrow
I ne'er had felt the blight.

But darkly, darkly, hovering,
Upon my soul it came;
It clouded my whole being—
A fear of Friendship's name.

Conviction of the world's deceit—
Of wrong by virtue borne;
It rent the veil from off my heart—
The dream in childhood worn.

Years have gone by since then, and left
Their track of joy, or woe,
Still naught has e'er my heart so moved,
And naught has grieved me so,

As that the fairy visions,
Which my young fancy wove,
Should flee before reality,
To find their rest above.

Spencertown, Dec. 12, 1841.

For the Rural Repository.

MY HOME.

My home is home, if there I find
A trusting heart—a noble mind,
With links of love that closely bind
Soul to soul.

My home is home, where all unite
To prove the path of virtue right,
And show that truth, divinely bright,
Should ever guide.

My home is home, where knowledge bright
Guides with her golden rays of light,
Through starry path, our thirsting sight
Of all God's works.

My home is home, where prayer ascends,
Sincere alike for foes and friends;
Which to our minds its influence lends
In love divine.

But if unkindness there be shown,
And warm affection never known,
And germs of discord ever sown,
'Tis not my home.

And if cold words be ever spoken,
And colder looks do meet love's token,
And glorious harmony must oft be broken,
'Tis not my home.

Chatham, N. Y. 1842.

E****.

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